

THE RUTLAND HERALD.

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 8, 1852.

The Rutland Herald

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING AT
RUTLAND, VT.

G. M. DEAN, Editor & Publisher.

TERMS PER YEAR.

For the year in advance, \$2.00
For the year in advance, \$1.50
For the year in advance, \$1.00

Advertisements.

A square of ten lines for the first week, 25 cents
For the second week, 20 cents
For the third week, 15 cents
For the fourth week, 10 cents
For the fifth week, 5 cents
For the sixth week, 5 cents
For the seventh week, 5 cents
For the eighth week, 5 cents
For the ninth week, 5 cents
For the tenth week, 5 cents

HOLBROOK & SMITH,
Manufacturers and Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES,
of all kinds, made to order. Double
Sole, and all the latest styles.
West side, Sept. 3, 1852.

Our Manse.
Utrine Cathedral.
Rutland, Feb. 6, 1852. C. B. & S. Co.

NEW JEWELRY SHOP.
G. A. & W. CLARK would respect-
fully inform the inhabitants of Rut-
land and vicinity that they have opened a
shop in Rutland, Black, Merchants Row,
where they have for sale a good assortment
of Watches, Watch Trimmings, Clocks,
Jewelry, Silver Ware, Spectacles,
Glasses, &c., &c.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, & JEWELRY.
Rutland, Feb. 6, 1852. C. B. & S. Co.

BOOTS & SHOE STORE.
MAIN STREET, RUTLAND, VERMONT.
In the Store formerly occupied by O. L. Rut-
land (two doors north of the Court House, where
may be found all kinds of
BOOTS & SHOES
for both men and women, and on as rea-
sonable terms as at any other establishment.
Please call and examine. P. MYRTLE.
Rutland, Feb. 12, 1852.

PATENT MEDICINES.
NO CURE NO PAY!!!
The following medicines are for sale at
Rutland, by the Manufacturers
and all the Dealers.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral!
It is the best remedy for all
coughs, colds, and all the
affections of the throat and
lungs. It is sold by all
the Dealers in the
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THE SICK OF CANDY.

From the Commercial Register.
By GRACE GARLAND.

In the soft and dewy moonlight,
When the nightingale's song is heard,
And the timid flowers are drooping,
While the waves are rippling high.

Thought's bright current glides calmly,
And the soul's shining lake
Glimmers with its own bright jewels,
While the sparkling ripples break.

On the surface they might cluster,
Pearls of hope and faithful truth,
But those pearls of rarest value,
Love and truth lie far beneath.

At this hour I too have
Hid my soul in its island home,
That our souls may sweetly mingle
In a dear communion tone.

And while round thy peaceful cottage
Do the rose and myrtle twine,
Flowers of love and truth and beauty,
To converse with thee I come.

In thy brightest, happiest hours,
When thy heart is singing joyfully,
And the nightingale's song is heard,
Gentle Ellen, think of me.

THE SUNDAY OF LOVE.
By ELIZA A.

The sunlight of love in its brightness
No longer on earth is unknown,
But, fleet as wind in its lightness,
It shines in the shadow of gloom.

They tell of a time when Love wandered,
A beautiful, innocent boy,
But wings by a Goddess were given,
The better the heart to decay.

As soon as he felt the fairy
"Thy fancy, and fashion, and per cent,
He fled from the place where he nestled,
But leaves in his absence a dart.

The sunlight of love is devotion,
But the sunlight is forever fled,
And the power that would curb love's emotion
Hath gone from the heart to the head.

The heart is the least thing consulted,
"Thy fancy, and fashion, and per cent,
Oh, the sunlight of love is departed—
No wonder, it was not content—
Forced with fancy and fiction,
It shared but a very small space,
But furnished with wings in perfection,
It flew with a beautiful grace.

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What's his name?

The Free Press, General Cass's
special organ at Detroit runs up the
name of "Franklin A. Pierce," as its
candidate for the Presidency; but it
will probably find out ere long, that
that is not the cognomen of the gentle-
man who so sadly put its favorite can-
didate's nose out of joint, the other day
at Baltimore.

The St. Louis Signal calls him
Franklin "A." Pierce; the Madison
Democrat shows the name of Frank-
lin "W." Pierce to the breeze; the
South Carolinian hoists the name of
Franklin "F." Pierce, and the Winsboro
(N. C.) Legislator understands that the
Baltimore Convention has nominated
Franklin "H." Pierce. Some other
journals hoist the name of Franklin
Pierce. The Albany Argus announ-
ces Gen. Pierce as the nominee of
the Baltimore Convention, while the
Atlas of the same place called him
Gen. Pierce—hence the Buffalo Ad-
vertiser reasonably concludes that
Pierce is the Barnburner candidate and
Pierce the Whig.

It also says that
in Chautauque County many sup-
posed the candidate to be James A.
Pierce, the Whig F. S. Senator from
Maryland, others thought it was Pierce
of that county who formerly had some-
thing to do with the Indians. It also
tells a good story of John R. Jones, of
the vicinities (La.) Sentinel, who
was at Baltimore. As soon as the re-
sult of the forty ninth ballot was known
Jones like an enterprising editor (and
a good democrat) rushed to the tele-
graph office, making about three minute
time, and announced his readers by the
following answer to the question, "who
is General Pierce?"

"Gen. John A. Pierce, of New Hamp-
shire is the unanimous nominee of the
convention. A better nomination it is
not possible to have made."

Mr. Jones immediately contracted
with the Democratic national central
committee to carry the State of Indiana
for any majority they might choose to
name.

A story is told also of a man's
throwing up his hat for Pierce, while the
New York Express has the following:
These little matters show that the
name of the nominee was not quite so
familiar as household words, in every
State of the Union, as the N. H.
Patriot says it is.

It is related to us by one
who was present at the time, that on
the evening of the nomination, a pretty
warm and enthusiastic one of the boys
in the 8th ward was vaporing, gassing
—blowing some call it, in a bar room
about the super excellence of the con-
vention's selection, and offered any
amount of bets that "Pierce would be elec-
ted."

"Yes he will!" exclaimed the excited
partisan. "He will and no mistake!
Pierce is the man! He's bound to be
elected, and I'll bet fifty dollars on it."
Who's Page? said a bystander.

"Who's Page?" roared the blower.
"That's what you said when we nomi-
nated Polk! Who's Polk? and we
showed you who Polk was, didn't we?
Say! and we will show you, who Page
is too, by next November, see if we
don't!"

But who is this Page? persisted the
former inquirer.

"Who is he, who's Page? You
ain't such a playboy fool as to talk that
in earnest, are ye? Why every body
knows that Page is the greatest man
in Hampshire State; has held every
office in the State, and filled the Mex-
icans all to pieces. Page! Just as if
every body didn't know Page!"

"Perhaps his Pierce was talking on
said Bill, one of the speaker's co-mates
gently; "Pierce, Frank Pierce was the
chap that got the nomination to day!"

"Pierce?" drawled out the aston-
ished orator. "Pierce? Well, I believe
it was. Of course, it was. Everybody
knows Pierce."—N. Y. Express.

A DARTMOUTH having been to Califor-
nia, thus speaks of his introduction
to San Francisco:—"As soon as day
broke in the ribbed, dark mounds began
to water to be on land, and soon as
day waded to the shore, day didn't see
any gold, but day found such a
large supply of nothin' to eat, that der
gums cracked like lake clay in a
brick-yard."

A MAN on getting out of an omni-
bus a few days ago, made use of two
rows of knees as banisters to steady
himself, at which the ladies took of-
fense, and one of them cried aloud,
"A perfect savage!" "True," said
a wag inside, "he belongs to the Paw-
nee tribe."

The farmer who had pigs so lean that
it took two to make a shadow, has been
beat by another who had several so
thin that they would crawl out through
the cracks in their pen. He finally
stopped that "far" by tying knots in
their tails.

"Does anybody want some first
rate fresh eggs for three cents a doz-
en?" inquired a wag one morning.—
There was at once a general response
of "I do." "And I too," "I'll take
a lot," &c., from a dozen eager vo-
ices. "Well," said the wag, "I'm
going to market to purchase some
eggs, and if I find any for sale at
that price, I will call and let you
know."

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—blowing some call it, in a bar room
about the super excellence of the con-
vention's selection, and offered any
amount of bets that "Pierce would be elec-
ted."

"Yes he will!" exclaimed the excited
partisan. "He will and no mistake!
Pierce is the man! He's bound to be
elected, and I'll bet fifty dollars on it."
Who's Page? said a bystander.

"Who's Page?" roared the blower.
"That's what you said when we nomi-
nated Polk! Who's Polk? and we
showed you who Polk was, didn't we?
Say! and we will show you, who Page
is too, by next November, see if we
don't!"

But who is this Page? persisted the
former inquirer.

"Who is he, who's Page? You
ain't such a playboy fool as to talk that
in earnest, are ye? Why every body
knows that Page is the greatest man
in Hampshire State; has held every
office in the State, and filled the Mex-
icans all to pieces. Page! Just as if
every body didn't know Page!"

"Perhaps his Pierce was talking on
said Bill, one of the speaker's co-mates
gently; "Pierce, Frank Pierce was the
chap that got the nomination to day!"

"Pierce?" drawled out the aston-
ished orator. "Pierce? Well, I believe